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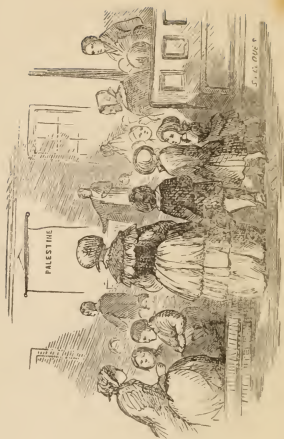


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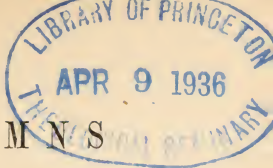






(iv)





H Y M N S

FOR

THE INFANT SCHOOL.

SELECTED BY

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B O S T O N :

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# H Y M N S

FOR

## THE INFANT SCHOOL.

---

### 1.                    Opening School.                    8, 7.

LORD, a little band and lowly,  
We have come to sing to thee ;  
Thou art great and high and holy,  
Oh, how solemn should we be !

Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,  
And of heaven where he has gone ;  
And let nothing ever please us  
He would grieve to look upon.

For we know the Lord of Glory  
Always sees what children do ;  
And is writing now the story  
Of our thoughts, and actions too.

Let our sins be all forgiven,  
Make us fear whate'er is wrong ;  
Lead us on our way to heaven,  
There to sing a nobler song.

---

**2.**

7s.

LORD, before thy throne we stand ;  
Once again thy children see ;  
Smile upon the youthful band ;  
Suffer us to come to thee.

Whither else should children go,  
Weak and impotent as we ?  
Thou hast all things to bestow ;  
Suffer us to come to thee.

Suffer us to come and pray ;  
Daily do we stand in need ;  
And if thou shouldst turn away,  
Lord, we should be poor indeed.

Suffer us to come and own  
How unworthy we have been ;

Since we look to thee alone  
For the pardon of our sin.

Suffer us to come and praise ;  
Condescend to hear our songs ;  
All we have ten thousand ways,  
Comes from thee, to thee belongs.

While we here have life and breath,  
This our constant prayer should be ;  
This our latest sigh in death : —  
Suffer us to come to thee.

---

3.

6, 5.

JESUS, high in glory,  
Lend a listening ear ;  
When we bow before thee,  
Infant praises hear.

Though thou art so holy,  
Heaven's Almighty King,  
Thou wilt stoop to listen  
When thy praise we sing.

We are little children,  
Weak and apt to stray ;  
Saviour ! guide and keep us  
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning,  
Watch us day by day ;  
Keep us now to love thee,  
Take our sins away.

Then when Jesus calls us  
To our heavenly home,  
We would gladly answer,  
“ Saviour, Lord, we come ! ”



4.

Prayer.

6, 5.

OUR Father in heaven,  
We hallow thy name !  
May thy kingdom holy,  
On earth be the same !



Oh, give to us daily  
Our portion of bread ;  
It is from thy bounty  
That all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions,  
And teach us to know  
That humble compassion  
Which pardons each foe.  
Keep us from temptation,  
From weakness and sin,  
And Thine be the glory,  
Forever ! Amen.

---

**5.**

L. M.

O LORD, behold before thy throne  
A band of children lowly bend ;  
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,  
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

Thou didst on earth the young receive,  
And gently fold them to thy breast,

And say that such in heaven should live  
Forever safe, forever blest.

Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,  
That he may teach us how to pray ;  
Make us sincere, and let each heart  
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

Oh ! let thy grace our souls renew,  
And seal a sense of pardon there ;  
Teach us thy will to know and do,  
And let us all thine image bear.

---

6.

C. M.

THE Lord attends when children pray,  
A whisper he can hear ;  
He hears not only what we say,  
But what we wish or fear.

He sees us when we are alone,  
Though no one else can see ;  
And all our thoughts to him are known,  
Wherever we may be.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee,  
And words of prayer to say;  
The heart must with the lips agree,  
If we would truly pray.

Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright;  
Thy grace to us impart,  
That we in prayer may take delight,  
And seek thee with the heart.

---

7.

C. M.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,  
As I am taught to do,  
God does not care for what I say  
Unless I feel it too.

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,  
And when I pray or sing,  
I'm often thinking all the while  
About some other thing.

Some idle play, or childish toy,  
Can send my thoughts abroad;

Though this should be my greatest joy, —  
To know and fear the Lord.

Oh, let me never, never dare  
To act the trifler's part ;  
Or think that God will hear a prayer  
That comes not from the heart.

But if I make his ways my choice,  
As holy children do,  
Then while I seek him with my voice,  
My heart will love him too.

---

S.

C. M.

LORD, teach a little child to pray ;  
Thy grace betimes impart ;  
And grant thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my sinful heart.

A fallen creature I was born,  
And from my birth I strayed ;  
I must be wretched and forlorn  
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain ;  
Can fit my soul with him to live,  
And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,  
For he has said they may ;  
His bosom then shall be their home,  
Their tears he 'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face  
Shall surely taste his love ;  
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,  
To dwell with him above.

**9.**

L. M.

GREAT God ! and wilt thou condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend ?  
I a weak child, and thou so high,  
The Lord of earth and air and sky ?

Art thou my Father ? Canst thou bear  
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer ?

And wilt thou listen to the praise  
That youthful lips to thee can raise ?

My Father ! let me then depend  
Upon the care of such a Friend,  
And let me seek to do and be  
Whate'er seems right and good to thee.

Art thou my Father ? Then at last,  
When all my days on earth are past,  
Send down and take me in thy love,  
To serve thee in thy courts above.

---

**10.**

L. M.

My Father, when I come to thee,  
I would not only bend the knee,  
But with my spirit seek thy face, —  
With my whole heart desire thy grace.

I plead the name of thy dear Son,  
All he has said, all he has done ;  
Oh, may I feel his love for me,  
Who died from sin to set me free !

My Saviour, guide me with thine eye ;  
My sins forgive, my wants supply ;  
With favor crown my youthful days,  
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart ;  
Impress thy likeness on my heart ;  
May I obey thy truth in love,  
Till raised to dwell with thee above.

---

11.

C. M.

My Heavenly Father, wilt thou hear  
The words a child would speak,  
When kneeling down to offer prayer,  
And for thy blessing seek ?

Oh ! wilt thou teach me how to pray ?  
Direct my thoughts aright ;  
Give me the words my lips should say,  
And bless me with thy light.

Guide me in all my way below ;  
Keep me from every snare ;

Grant me thy perfect law to know,  
And thy salvation share.

And when at last my course is run,  
And time shall be no more —  
When all my work on earth is done,  
And all my trials o'er,

I'll sing my everlasting flight  
To realms of bliss above,  
Where, with the throngs of angels bright,  
I'll sing my Saviour's love.

---

**12.**

7s.

JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,  
Who for me life's pathway trod,  
Who for me became a child,  
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

I thy little lamb would be ;  
Jesus, I would follow thee ;  
Samuel was thy child of old,  
Take me, too, within thy fold.



Teach me how to pray to thee,  
Make me holy, heavenly ;  
Let me love what thou dost love ;  
Let me live with thee above.

---

13

7s.

JESUS, let a little child  
Humbly supplicate thy throne :  
Speak to me in accents mild,  
O thou great and holy One !

Fill my youthful heart with grace,  
Make it thy beloved abode ;  
Show thy reconciling face,  
O my Father and my God !

May I early learn thy ways,  
Early know thy power and love ;  
Then devote to thee my days  
Till I am removed above.

**14.**

7s.

JESUS, see a little child  
Humbly at thy footstool stay;  
Thou who art so meek and mild,  
Stoop, and teach me what to say.

Thou who art so great and high,  
Thou dost view with smiling face  
Little children when they cry,  
“Saviour, guide us by thy grace.”

Show me what I ought to be,  
Make me every evil shun;  
Thee in all things may I see,  
In thy holy footsteps run.

Jesus, all my sins forgive,  
Make me lowly, pure in heart,  
For thy glory may I live,  
Then be with thee where thou art.

15.

6s.

THE Saviour from his throne,  
All little children sees ;  
And they who are his own,  
Will try their Lord to please.

He looks with eyes of love,  
When they kneel down to pray,  
And from his throne above  
Instructs them what to say.

He bids them all to seek,  
For they shall surely find ;  
His word he will not break,  
For he is true and kind.

Then, little children, come,  
Obey your Saviour's call,  
He'll take you safely home,  
He'll be your all in all.

**16.**

C. M.

I AM a little child you see,  
My strength is little too;  
But yet I fain would saved be;  
Lord, teach me what to do.

My Saviour, hear; thou, for my good,  
Wert pleased a child to be;  
And thou didst shed thy precious blood  
Upon the cross for me.

I think, since I so often hear  
That thou dost want my heart,  
As thy reward and purchase dear,  
That thou in earnest art.

Come, then, and take this heart of mine;  
Come, take me as I am;  
I know that I by right am thine,  
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.

Down at thy feet still may I bow;  
Be thine, my Saviour, still;

In nothing bad myself allow,  
Nor ever show self-will.

But I am weak, and nothing can  
Without thy Spirit do ;  
Help me, O thou Almighty One,  
Help my companions too.

Preserve our little hearts secure  
From every hurt or stain ;  
First make them, and then keep them  
pure,  
Opposed to all that's vain.

If early thou shouldst take me hence,  
Then that no harm would be ;  
Into thy arms I'd go at once,  
And ever live with thee.

If thou wouldst have me longer stay,  
In years and stature grow ;  
Help me to serve thee night and day,  
While I am here below.

Then, after walking in thy ways  
And serving thee in love,  
Put a blest end to these my days,  
And take me hence above.

---

**17.**

L. M.

LORD ! hear a little infant pray  
The little, simple words I say ;  
O Saviour ! listen from thy throne,  
And deign to call a child thine own.

I would be thine, and like to thee,  
And serve thee in simplicity ;  
Renew my heart, my sins forgive,  
And teach me, Saviour, how to live.

When other little ones I see,  
Young and gentle may I be ;  
Affection to my parents show,  
And learn how much to them I owe.

Oh never, Saviour, never let  
My heart thy wondrous love forget ;

Thou who wast mocked and crucified,  
Thou who for love of me hast died !

---

**18.**

7s.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child ;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.

Now would I to thee be brought ;  
Dearest Lord, forbid it not ;  
In the kingdom of thy grace,  
Give a little child a place.

Oh ! supply my every want,  
Feed the young and tender plant ;  
Day and night my keeper be ;  
Every moment watch round me.

---

**19.**

C. M.

I'm not too young to love the Lord,  
Who does so much for me ;

My blessings come alone from God—  
How thankful I should be !

I'm not too young a prayer to raise  
To God, who dwells on high ;  
He'll listen to my song of praise,  
And hear my feeble cry.

I'm not too young for Christ to save ;  
He even died for me ;  
Yes, he his life for children gave,  
And will their Saviour be.

I'm not too young to die and go  
To Jesus Christ in Heaven ;  
But ere I reach that place I know  
My sins must be forgiven.

O Saviour ! listen to my prayer,  
And change this heart of mine ;  
Oh ! take an infant to thy care,  
And make me wholly thine.



**20. Praise and Thanksgiving.** 11s.

COME, children, adore him, come, bow at his  
feet ;  
Come, give him the glory, the praise that  
is meet ;  
Let joyful Hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens the  
skies.

To the Lamb that was slain all honor be  
paid,  
And crowns without number encircle his  
head ;  
Let blessing and glory and riches and  
might,  
Be ascribed evermore by angels of light.

---

**21.**

COME, let us sweetly sing, join in full chorus,  
Praise to the Mighty King, him who reign-  
eth o'er us ;

Once he, a little child, gentle and  
lowly,  
Taught us how we should live, loving,  
pure, and holy.

Hail, hail to him who once slept in a man-  
ger,  
Wandered from place to place, homeless  
and a stranger ;  
Suffered and died for us — oh wond'rous  
story !  
Suffered that we might all dwell with him  
in glory.

O thou, who once didst hear children when  
singing,  
Thou who didst sweetly say, Suffer ye their  
bringing ;  
From thy bright home above graciously  
bending,  
List to our joyful songs, gratefully ascend-  
ing.

Be thou our guard and guide, grant us thy  
Spirit,  
Own us as thine at last through thy perfect merit;  
Then shall we sweetly sing in angelic chorus,  
Praise evermore to him who shall there  
reign o'er us.

---

**22.**

7s, 6s, double.

COME, let us sing of Jesus,  
While hearts and accents blend;  
Come, let us sing of Jesus,  
The sinner's only friend;  
His holy soul rejoices,  
Amid the choirs above,  
To hear our youthful voices  
Exulting in his love.

We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who wept our path along;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
The tempted and the strong;

None who besought his healing,  
He passed unheeded by ;  
And still retains his feeling  
For us above the sky.

We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who died our souls to save ;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
Triumphant o'er the grave ;  
And in our hour of danger  
We'll trust his love alone,  
Who once slept in a manger,  
And now sits on the throne.

Then let us sing of Jesus,  
While yet on earth we stay,  
And hope to sing of Jesus  
Throughout eternal day ;  
For those who here confess him,  
He will in heaven confess ;  
And faithful hearts that bless him,  
He will forever bless.

23.

S. M.

To praise the Saviour's name  
Let little children try ;  
While saints and angels do the same  
In the bright world on high.

His love in heaven is sung,  
His name is there adored,  
Yet children here, however young,  
May learn to praise the Lord.

The wonders of that love  
No earthly tongue can tell,  
Which brought our Saviour from above  
To ransom us from hell.

For us he wept and bled,  
And suffered all his pain ;  
For us was numbered with the dead,  
And rose to life again.

And still for us he prays,  
And makes our souls his care ;

He loves to hear our feeble praise,  
And listens to our prayer.

Lord Jesus ! grant that we  
May know thy saving grace ;  
On earth thy humble followers be,  
In heaven behold thy face.

---

**24.**

7s.

LET us sing, with one accord,  
Praises to the Eternal Lord ;  
He is worthy whom we praise,  
Hearts and voices let us raise.

He hath made us by his power,  
He hath kept us to this hour,  
He redeems us from the grave,  
Lives to bless who died to save.

What he bids us, let us do ;  
Where he leads us, let us go ;  
As he loves us, let us love  
Man below, and saints above.

Angels praise him ; so will we,  
Sinful children though we be ;  
Poor and weak, we 'll sing the more ;  
Jesus helps the weak and poor.

He will hear our praise and prayer,  
Children's hearts to him are dear ;  
Heart and voice, let all be given —  
All will find its way to heaven.

**25.**

C. M.

HOsANNAS were by children sung,  
When Jesus was on earth ;  
Then surely we are not too young  
To sound his praises forth.  
The Lord is great, the Lord is good,  
He feeds us from his store  
With earthly and with heavenly food ;  
We 'll praise him evermore.

And when to him young children came,  
He took them in his arms ;

He blessed them in his Father's name,  
And spoke with heavenly charms ;  
We thank him for his gracious word,  
We thank him for his love ;  
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,  
Who reigns in heaven above.

Before he left this world of woe,  
On Calvary he died ;  
His blood for us did freely flow  
Forth from his wounded side.  
Oh ! then we'll magnify his name,  
Who groaned and died for us ;  
We'll worship the atoning Lamb,  
And kneel before his cross.

He rose again and walked abroad,  
And many saw his face ;  
They called him the incarnate God,  
Redeemer of our race.  
He rose, and he ascended high :  
We'll bow to his command ;  
His glories fill the earth and sky,  
He sits at God's right hand.



26.

7, 6, double.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,  
To zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosannas to his name.  
Nor did their zeal offend him,  
But as he rode along,  
He let them still attend him,  
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still ;  
Though now as King he reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
We'll flock around his banner  
Who sits upon the throne ;  
And cry aloud, " Hosanna  
To David's royal Son ! "

For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise ;  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Might well Hosannas raise.

But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words ?  
No ! while our hearts are tender,  
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

---

**27.**

8, 7.

HUMBLE praises, holy Jesus,  
Infant voices raise to thee ;  
In thy mercy, O receive us !  
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

Blessed Jesus ! thou hast bidden  
Babes like us to come to thee ;  
Though by thy disciples chidden,  
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

Saviour, condescend to feed us ;  
Richly let thy mercy flow ;  
Lend thy Spirit, blessed Jesus !  
Light and life on us bestow.

## 28.

WOULD you be as angels are,  
Sing, sing, sing, his praise ;  
Would you banish every care,  
Sing, sing, sing, his praise ;  
Like the lark upon the wing,  
Like the warbling bird of spring,  
Like the crystal spheres that ring,  
Sing, sing, sing, his praise.

If the world upon you frown,  
Sing, sing, sing, his praise,  
If you 're left to sing alone,  
Sing, sing, &c.

If sad trials come to you,  
As to every one they do,  
For that they are blessings too,  
Sing, sing, &c.

For His wondrous dying love,  
Sing, sing, &c.  
That he intercedes above,  
Sing, sing, &c.

Thus, whene'er you come to die,  
You shall soar beyond the sky,  
And, with angel choirs on high,  
Sing, sing, sing, his praise.

---

**29.**

COME, let us all awake ;  
Sing, every one ;  
Let every voice partake,  
Join in our song.  
Our grateful notes of praise,  
O Lord ! to thee we raise,  
Spirit of truth and grace,  
Lord ! hear our song.

Thanks to our God on high,  
Sing endless praise ;  
Thanks for his watchful eye,  
Guiding our ways ;  
Thanks for his Holy Word,  
Pointing to Jesus' blood,  
Sealing our peace with God,  
To endless days.

Down from his Father's throne  
Glorious and bright,  
He came and bled and died —  
O wondrous sight !  
Jesus, to thee we come,  
In childhood's early bloom,  
Oh! lead us safely home,  
To realms of light.

Then let us all awake ;  
Sing, every one ;  
Let every voice partake,  
Join in one song.  
Loudly his praise proclaim,  
Sweetly prolong the strain,  
Glory to Jesus' name !  
Worthy the Lamb !

---

**30.**

8, 7, 4.

LORD, while holy angels praise thee,  
In their never-ceasing songs ;

While thy saints delight to bless thee, —  
Thee, to whom all praise belongs,  
Wilt thou hearken  
To the praise of infant tongues ?

Yes, we know our feeble voices  
Thou dost condescend to hear ;  
Thou canst perfect thine own praises  
From the mouths of children here ;  
None so humble,  
But their voice may reach thine ear.

Thanks we give thee, O our Saviour !  
Who didst come to save the lost ;  
Thine own blood, divine Redeemer !  
Was the price our ransom cost ;  
Thou canst save us  
Even to the uttermost.

While we sing our glad hosannas,  
While our tongues thy love proclaim,  
Pour, O pour thy Spirit on us !  
Us for thine own children claim ;  
So, for ever,  
While we love and praise thy name.

31.

C. M.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,  
And all thy love to me ;  
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,  
Are all bestowed by thee.

And thou preservest me from death,  
And dangers every hour ;  
I cannot draw another breath,  
Unless thou give me power.

My health and friends and parents dear,  
To me by God are given ;  
I have not any blessings here,  
But what are sent from Heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,  
A child can ne'er repay ;  
But may it be my daily prayer  
To love thee and obey.

**32.**

C. M.

I THANK the goodness and the grace  
Which on my birth have smiled,  
And made me, in these latter days,  
A happy Christian child.

I was not born, as thousands are,  
Where God was never known;  
And taught to pray a useless prayer,  
To stocks of wood and stone,

I was not born a little slave,  
To labor in the sun,  
And wish I were but in the grave,  
And all my labor done.

I was not born without a home,  
Or in some broken shed;  
A gypsy baby, taught to roam,  
And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank thee, who hath planned  
A better lot for me,  
And placed me in this happy land,  
And where I hear of thee.



33.

C. M.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I see !  
What shall I render to my God  
For all his gifts to me !

Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God has given me more ;  
For I have food while others starve,  
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street  
Half naked I behold ;  
While I am clothed from head to feet,  
And covered from the cold.

While others early learn to swear,  
And curse and lie and steal,  
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,  
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favors day by day  
To me above the rest ?  
Then let me love thee more than they,  
And strive to serve thee best.

**34.****God.****C. M.**

Who made the sky, that looks so blue,  
Who made the grass so green,  
Who made the flowers that smell so sweet,  
In pretty colors seen ?  
'T was God our Father, great in power ;  
Oh ! let us all his name adore.

Who made the little bird to fly ?  
How sweetly she has sung ;  
And, though she soars so very high,  
She'll not forget her young.  
'T was God our Father, great in power ;  
Oh ! let us all his name adore.

Who made the sun, that shines so bright,  
And gladdens all we see ?  
It comes to give us heat and light ;  
How thankful should we be !  
'T was God our Father, great in power ;  
Oh ! let us all his name adore.

Who made the moon and stars so high,  
The darkest night to cheer ?  
How bright they shine in yonder sky,  
Oft as the heavens are clear !  
'T was God our Father, great in power ;  
Oh ! let us all his name adore.

---

**35.**

L. M.

WHEN I look up to yonder sky,  
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,  
I think of One I cannot see,  
But one who sees and cares for me.

His name is God ! He gave me birth ;  
And every living thing on earth,  
And every tree and plant that grows,  
To the same hand its being owes.

'T is he my daily food provides,  
And all that I require besides ;  
And when I close my slumbering eye,  
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

Then surely I should ever love  
This gracious God, who reigns above ;  
For very kind indeed is he  
To love a little child like me.

---

**36.**

C. M.

Who taught the bird to build her nest  
Of wool and hay and moss ?

Who taught her how to weave it best,  
And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly  
Among the sweetest flowers,  
And lay her store of honey by,  
To serve in winter hours ?

Who taught the little ant the way  
Her narrow path to bore,  
And through the pleasant summer day  
To gather up her store ?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,  
And gave them all their skill ;  
And teaches children, if they pray,  
To do his holy will.

**37.      Thou God seest me.**

7s.

WHEN I sleep, and when I wake,  
When my daily walks I take,  
Though my eyes no God can see,  
Still he ever looks at me.

When I speak a wicked word,  
By my Saviour it is heard ;  
Though I seek from God to flee,  
Still from heaven he looks at me.

When I break his holy day,  
And indulge in sinful play,  
Could I still so thoughtless be,  
If I felt he looks at me ?

When with wicked ones I play,  
When my heart forgets to pray,  
Though I may forgetful be,  
Still my Saviour looks at me.

When my angry passions rise,  
God can hear my sinful cries ;

When rebellious I would be,  
Still he ever looks at me.

Every disobedient word,  
False or cross, in heaven is heard ;  
Though no human eye can see,  
God my Saviour looks at me.

In each action that I do,  
God can see me through and through ;  
May this thought a comfort be,  
Christ my Saviour cares for me.

---

**38.**

L. M.

I'M not too young for God to see,  
He knows my name, and nature too ;  
And all day long he looks at me,  
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say, .  
He knows the thoughts I have within ;  
And, whether I'm at work or play,  
He's sure to see it if I sin.

If some one great and good is near,  
It makes us careful what we do ;  
Then how much more we ought to fear  
The Lord, who sees us through and  
through.

Thus, when inclined to do amiss,  
However pleasant it may be,  
I'll always try to think of this —  
I'm not too young for God to see.

---

**39.**

C. M.

GOD is in heaven — can he hear  
A feeble prayer like mine ?  
Yes, little child, thou needst not fear  
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven — can he see  
When I am doing wrong ?  
Yes, that he can — he looks at thee,  
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven — would he know  
If I should tell a lie ?  
Yes, if thou saidst it very low,  
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven — can I go  
To thank him for his care ?  
Not yet — but love him here below,  
And thou shalt praise him there.



**40.**                      **Birth of Christ.**                      C. M.

SOME eastern shepherds in the night,  
Were watching o'er their flocks,  
When suddenly a brilliant light  
Amid the darkness broke.

And then a beauteous angel came,  
Who shone as bright as morn,  
And told them that in Bethlehem,  
A Saviour, Christ, was born.

And when the angel told them where  
The infant might be found,



A heavenly anthem through the air  
Most sweetly did resound.

“Glory to God on high,” they said,  
“And peace on earth be given;”  
Oh! may we, by that Saviour led,  
Be taken up to heaven.

---

41.

8, 7.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the sky?  
Loud the angelic host rejoices,  
“Glory be to God on high.”

Christ is born, our Prince and Saviour,  
He has left his glorious home;  
Now an infant in a manger,  
To redeem our souls has come.

Shepherds hear the wondrous story,  
From the lips of angels bright;  
And around them shines such glory,  
Rays, it seems, of heaven's own light.

We would join to praise the Saviour,  
'T was for us he showed such love ;  
May we now obtain his favor,  
Dwell with him in heaven above.

---

**42.**

ONCE in royal David's city,  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her baby,  
In a manger for his bed.  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And his shelter was a stable,  
And his cradle was a stall ;  
With the poor and mean and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all his wondrous childhood,  
He would honor and obey ;

Ever love the tender mother,  
In whose gentle arms he lay.  
Little children all should be  
Mild, obedient, good as he.

For he is our childhood's pattern,  
Day by day like us he grew ;  
He was little, weak, and helpless ;  
Tears and smiles like us he knew ;  
And he feeleth for our sadness,  
And he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him,  
Through his own redeeming love,  
For that child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heaven above ;  
And he leads his children on  
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see him ; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high.  
When like stars his children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around.

**43.**

8, 7.

I HAVE heard the wondrous story,  
When the Book of Life was read,  
How the Lord of life and glory  
Had not where to lay his head.

How he left his throne in heaven,  
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,  
That my soul might be forgiven,  
And ascend to God on high.

If I worship God, who gave me  
Life and health, and all things here,  
Should not he who died to save me,  
To my soul be very dear ?

Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour !  
Let me not ungrateful be ;  
In my words and my behavior,  
May I truly honor thee.

Father ! let thy Holy Spirit  
Seal to me a Saviour's love,

And prepare me to inherit  
Glory where he reigns above.

That with saints and angels dwelling,  
I may there his love proclaim,  
And with them be ever telling  
All the wonders of his name.



**44. Suffer the Little Children.** 11, 9.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children, as lambs to  
his fold,

I should like to have been with them  
then ;

I wish that his hands had been placed on  
my head,

That his arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look  
when he said,

“ Let the little ones come unto me.”

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share of his love,  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above, —  
In that beautiful place he has gone to pre-  
pare  
For all who are washed and forgiven,  
And many dear children are gathering  
there,  
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

But thousands on thousands, who wander  
and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home ;  
I should like them to know there is room  
for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for the joys of that glorious time,  
The sweetest and brightest and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

45.

C. M.

YOUNG children once to Jesus came,  
His blessing to entreat ;  
And I may humbly do the same  
Before his mercy-seat.

For when their feeble hands were spread,  
And bent each infant knee,  
“ Forbid them not,” the Saviour said ;  
And so he says of me.

Though now he is not here below,  
We know his holy will ;  
To him may little children go,  
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleased that little flock to see,  
The Saviour kindly smiled ;  
Oh ! then he will not frown on me,  
Because I am a child.

Then while this favor to implore,  
My little hands are spread,  
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,  
Lord Jesus, on my head.

## 46.

S. M.

“OH! suffer them to come,”  
Once the kind Saviour said;  
And gently to his loving arms  
The little ones were led.

“Forbid them not,” said he;  
“My ways are pleasant ways;  
Children that fear and love my name,  
Are happy all their days.

“Of such my kingdom is,  
The lowly and the meek;  
Those who with sweet humility  
All my commandments keep.”

We come, we come, to thee,  
Dear Saviour, and would pray  
That from thy pleasant paths our feet  
May never, never stray.



**47.      The Good Shepherd.      11s.**

THE Lord is my Shepherd ; how happy  
am I ;

How tender and watchful my wants to  
supply ;

He daily provides me with raiment and food ;  
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my  
good.

The Lord is my Shepherd ; then I must  
obey

His gracious commandment, and walk in  
his way ;

His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll  
renew,

And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll  
subdue.

The Lord is my Shepherd ; how happy  
am I !

I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when  
I die !

Through death's gloomy valley no evil I'll  
dread,  
For I will be with thee, my Shepherd has  
said.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I'll sing with  
delight,  
Till called to adore him in regions of light;  
Then praise him with angels to bright  
harps of gold,  
And ever and ever his glory behold.

---

48.

To thy pastures green and fair,  
Saviour, let a child repair;  
I will never stray from thee,  
But thy fold my home shall be.

Like a gentle lamb, I'll stay  
In the meadows fresh and gay,  
Peaceful and contented there,  
Guarded by my Shepherd's care.

By the waters still and clear,  
I shall wander without fear,  
Happy by my shepherd's side,  
All my wants will be supplied.

Lord, my shepherd wilt thou be ?  
Help me, then, to follow thee,  
At thy feet myself I cast,  
Thee to serve while life shall last.

---

49.

8, 7, 4.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us ;  
Much we need thy tender care ;  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us ;  
For our use thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus !

Thou has bought us ; thine we are.

We are thine ; do thou befriend us ;  
Be the guardian of our way ;  
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us ;  
Seek us when we go astray,

Blessed Jesus !

Listen to us when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be ;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
Blessed Jesus !  
May we ever come to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,  
Early let us do thy will ;  
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,  
With thy grace our bosoms fill.  
Blessed Jesus !  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

---

**50.**

L. M.

THE Lambs of Jesus ! who are they  
But children that believe and pray —  
That keep God's laws and ask his grace,  
And seek a heavenly dwelling-place.

The Lambs of Jesus ! they are meek,  
The words of peace and truth they speak ;

.

To all God's creatures they are kind,  
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.

The Lambs of Jesus ! Oh that we  
Might of that blessed number be !  
Lord ! take us early in thy love,  
And lead us to the fold above.

---

**51.**

8, 7.

JESUS says that we must love him —  
Helpless as the lambs are we ;  
But he very kindly tells us  
That our shepherd he will be.

Heavenly shepherd, please to watch us,  
Guard us both by night and day ;  
Pity show to little children,  
Who like lambs too often stray.

We are always prone to wander,  
Please to keep us from each snare ;  
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee,  
For thy kindness and thy care.

**52.**

C. M.

How happy are the lambs who love  
In some safe fold to rest ;  
I have a Shepherd, too, above,  
The gentlest and the best.

His lambs he gathers in his arms,  
And on his bosom bears ;  
Where, safe from dangers and alarms,  
Each his full blessing shares.

Lord, I would be thy gentle child,  
And listen to thy voice ;  
Be loving, dutiful, and mild,  
And in thy ways rejoice.

Thus, having known thy love below,  
And reached my hour to die ;  
Rejoicing, at thy call I'll go,  
To join thy fold on high.

---

**53.**

8, '6.

IN Holy Scriptures I am told,  
That there are lambs within the fold  
Of God's beloved Son ;

That Jesus Christ, with tender care,  
Will in his arms most gently bear  
The helpless “little one.”

And I, a little straying lamb,  
May come to Jesus as I am,  
Though goodness I have none;  
May now be folded on his breast,  
As birds within the parent nest,  
And be his “little one.”

And he can do all this for me,  
Because he died on Calvary,  
For children’s sins t’ atone;  
And, having washed their guilt away,  
He now rejoices day by day,  
To cleanse the “little one.”

Others there are, who love me too;  
But who, with all their love, can do  
What Jesus Christ has done?  
Then, if he teaches me to pray,  
I’ll surely go to him and say,  
Lord! keep thy “little one.”

Thus by this gracious shepherd fed,  
And by his mercy gently led  
Where living waters run,  
My greatest pleasure will be this,  
That I'm a little lamb of his,  
Who loves the "little one."

---

**54. The Love of Jesus.**

7s.

JESUS loves the little child  
Who is lowly, meek, and mild;  
Humble, both in act and mind,  
And to all around him kind.

You who would the Lord obey,  
Angry words should never say,  
But to others always do  
As you 'd have them do to you.

In your happy, pleasant home,  
Angry words should never come;  
To your parents ever show  
All the grateful love you owe.



Let your sisters ever find  
All your words and actions kind ;  
While your friends and playmates own  
Love to them your deeds have shown.

---

**55.**

C. M.

AND was my Saviour once a child,  
A little child like me ?  
And was he humble, meek, and mild,  
As little ones should be ?

Oh ! why did not the Son of God  
Come as an angel bright ?  
And why not leave his fair abode,  
And come with power and might ?

Because he came not here to reign,  
As sovereign here below ;  
He came to save our souls from sin,  
Whence all our sorrows flow.

And did the Son of God most high  
Consent a man to be ?

And did that blessed Saviour die  
Upon the cross for me ?

And did my Saviour freely give  
His life for sinful men ?  
What ! did he die that we might live ?  
Oh, how he loved us then !

Accept, O ever blessed Lord !  
An infant's humble praise ;  
Teach me to love thy Holy Word,  
And serve thee all my days.

---

56.

7, 6.

How precious is the story  
Of our Redeemer's birth,  
Who left the realms of glory,  
And came to dwell on earth !  
He saw our sad condition,  
Our guilt and sin and shame ;  
To save us from perdition  
The blessed Jesus came,

He came to earth from heaven  
To weep and bleed and die,  
That we might be forgiven,  
And raised to God on high.  
His kindness and compassion  
To children then were shown;  
The heirs of his salvation,  
He claimed them for his own.

Oh! may I love this Saviour,  
So good, so kind, so mild;  
And may I find his favor,  
A young though sinful child.  
And in his blissful heaven  
May I at last appear,  
With all my sins forgiven,  
To know and praise him there.

**57.**

7s.

CHRIST is merciful and mild;  
He was once a little child;  
He whom heavenly hosts adore,  
Lived on earth among the poor.

Then he laid his glory by,  
When for us he came to die ;  
How I wonder when I see  
His unbounded love for me.

Through his life on earth I see  
Lowliness and poverty :  
Oh ! how mean was his abode,  
Though he was the mighty God.

Yet through all his actions ran  
Love to poor and sinful man ;  
He the sick to health restored ;  
To the poor he preached the Word.

Children in his arms he pressed,  
Kindly took them to his breast ;  
They, said he, shall share my bliss,  
For of such my kingdom is.

---

58.

C. M.

UPON a lone and dreary hill  
Without the city wall,

Jesus our Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains he had to bear;  
But we believe it was for us,  
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,  
And we must love him too,  
And trust in his redeeming blood,  
And try his works to do.

**59. Christ our Example.**

7s.

LAMB of God, I look to thee,  
Thou shalt my example be ;  
When thou wast a little child,  
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

Due obedience thou didst show,  
Oh, make me obedient too ;  
Thou wast merciful and kind,  
Grant me, Lord, thy loving mind.

Let me, above all, fulfil  
God, my Heavenly Father's, will ;  
Never his good Spirit grieve —  
Only to his glory live.

Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,  
In thy hand secure I am ;  
Fix thy temple in my heart,  
Never from thy child depart.

Teach me to show forth thy praise,  
Love and serve thee all my days ;

Oh, might all around me see  
Christ, the holy child, in me !

---

**60.**

I WANT to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek ;  
For no one marked an angry word  
That ever heard him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,  
So frequently in prayer ;  
Alone upon the mountain top,  
He met his Father there.

I want to be like Jesus ;  
I never, never find  
That he, though persecuted, was  
To any one unkind.

I want to be, like Jesus,  
Engaged in doing good ;  
So that of me it may be said,  
“ She hath done what she could.”

Alas, I'm not like Jesus,  
As any one may see ;  
O gentle Saviour, send thy grace,  
And make me like to thee.

---

**61.**

8, 7.

JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,  
Once became a child like me ;  
Oh that in my whole behavior  
He my pattern still may be !

All my nature is unholy —  
Pride and passion dwell within ;  
But the Lord was meek and lowly,  
And was never known to sin.

I am often vainly trying  
Some new pleasure to possess ;  
He was always self-denying,  
Patient in his worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature ;  
Guide me by thy word of truth ;



Condescend to be my teacher,  
Through my childhood and my youth.

---

**62. The Fulness of Jesus.** P. M.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God :  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From sin's accursed load :  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash away its stains ;  
White in his blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fulness dwells in *him* ;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem :  
I lay my grief on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on his breast recline.  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ the Lord !  
Like fragrance on the breezes  
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, lovely, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's Holy Child.  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints his praises,  
And learn the angels' song.

**63.****Sin.****L. M.**

I MUST not sin as many do,  
Lest I lie down in sorrow too ;

For God is angry every day,  
With wicked ones who go astray.

From sinful words I must refrain ;  
I must not take God's name in vain ;  
I must not work, I must not play,  
Upon God's holy Sabbath day.

And if my parents speak the word,  
I must obey them in the Lord,  
Nor steal nor lie, nor waste my days  
In idle tales and foolish plays.



**64. Repentance.** C. M.

LORD, I confess before thy face  
How sinful I have been ;  
Look down from heaven thy dwelling-place,  
And pardon all my sin.

Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray,  
My passion and my pride ;  
The wicked words I dared to say,  
And wicked thoughts beside.

I cannot lay me down to rest  
In quiet on my bed,  
Until with shame I have confessed  
The naughty things I said.

The Saviour answered not again,  
Nor spoke an angry word,  
To all the scoffs of wicked men,  
Although he was their Lord !

And who am I, a sinful child,  
Such angry words to say !  
Make me as mild as he was mild,  
And take my pride away.

For Jesus' sake forgive my crime,  
And change this stubborn heart,  
And grant me grace another time  
To act a better part.

---

**65.**

IF Jesus Christ was sent  
To save us from our sin,

And kindly teach us to repent,  
We should at once begin.

He says he loves to see  
A broken-hearted one ;  
He loves that sinners such as we  
Should mourn for what we 've done.

'Tis not enough to say  
We 're sorry and repent ;  
Yet still go on from day to day  
Just as we always went.

Repentance is to leave  
The sins we loved before ;  
And show that we in earnest grieve,  
By doing so no more.

Lord, make us thus sincere,  
To watch as well as pray ;  
However small, however dear,  
Take all our sins away.

And since our Saviour came  
To make us turn from sin,

With holy grief and humble shame,  
We would at once begin.

---

**66.**

L. M.

I HAVE an evil heart within,  
A heart that's often prone to sin ;  
What can a feeble infant do,  
A naughty temper to subdue ?

This will I do, when first I find  
An evil thought within my mind ;  
I'll go to Jesus and I'll say,  
Lord, take this sinful thought away.

Does not the name of Jesus mean  
One that has power to save from sin ?  
Oh, Lamb of God ! take mine away,  
And give me a new heart, I pray.

**67. For a Child that feels it has a  
wicked heart.** C. M.

WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do,  
Who feels with guilt opprest?  
There's evil that I never knew  
Before within my breast.

My thoughts are vain ; my heart is hard ;  
My temper apt to rise ;  
And, when I seem upon my guard,  
It takes me by surprise.

Whene'er to thy commands I turn,  
I find I've broken them ;  
And in thy Holy Scriptures learn,  
That God will sin condemn.

And yet, if I begin to pray,  
And lift my feeble cry,  
Some thought of folly, or of play,  
Prevents me when I try.

On many Sabbaths, though I've heard  
Of Jesus and of heaven,

I've scarcely listened to thy word,  
Or prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, look with pity in thine eye  
Upon a heart so hard !  
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,  
Or show it no regard.

---

**68. Anger and Impatience. C. M.**

WHEN for some little insult given,  
My angry passions rise,  
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,  
And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,  
Though all his words were kind ;  
But nothing men could do or say  
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard  
Against the truths he taught,  
Excited one reviling word,  
Or one revengeful thought.



And when upon the cross he bled,  
 With all his foes in view ;  
 “ Father, forgive their sins,” he said,  
 “ They know not what they do.”

Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee  
 My temper to amend ;  
 And speak thy pardoning word for me,  
 Whenever I offend.



**69. Love to Companions.** 8, 7.

“ LITTLE children, love each other ; ”  
 ’T is the blessed Saviour’s rule ;  
 Every little one is brother  
 To his playmate in the school.

We ’re all children of one Father,  
 The great God who reigns above ;  
 Shall we quarrel ? No ; much rather  
 Would we dwell like him — in love.

He has placed us here together,  
 That we may be good and kind ;

He is ever watching whether  
We are one in heart and mind.

Who is stronger than the other ?  
Let him be the weak one's friend ;  
Who's more playthings than his brother ?  
He should like to give or lend.

All they have they share with others,  
With kind looks and gentle words ;  
Thus they live like happy brothers,  
And are known to be the Lord's.

---

70.

C. M.

To do to others as I would  
That they should do to me,  
Will make me honest, kind, and good,  
As children ought to be.

I know I should not steal, nor use  
The smallest thing I see,  
Which I should never like to lose  
If it belonged to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite  
To strike an angry blow,  
Because I should not think it right  
If others served me so.

But any kindness they may need  
I'll do, whate'er it be,  
As I am very glad indeed  
When they are kind to me.

**71.****The Bible.****L. M.**

THIS is a precious book indeed ;  
Happy the child that loves to read !  
'Tis God's own Word, which he has given  
To show our souls the way to heaven.

It tells us how the world was made ;  
And how good men the Lord obeyed ;  
And his commands are in it too,  
To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,  
Because our souls can never die ;

It points to heaven, where angels dwell,  
And warns us to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,  
The Bible tells us Jesus died ;  
This is its first, its chief intent,  
To lead poor sinners to repent.

Let us be thankful that we may  
Read this good Bible every day ;  
And learn the way that God hath given  
To show our souls the way to heaven.

---

**72.**

7s.

HOLY Bible, book divine ;  
Precious treasure, thou art mine ;  
Mine, to tell me whence I came,  
Mine, to teach me what I am.

Mine, to chide me when I rove ;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;  
Mine art thou, to guide my youth  
In the paths of love and truth.

Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless ;  
Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.

Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the sinner's dreadful doom ;  
O thou precious book divine !  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.



**73.                    The Sabbath.                    11s.**

How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of  
rest ;  
The day of the week which I surely love  
best ;  
The morning my Saviour arose from the  
tomb,  
And took from the grave all its terror  
and gloom.

Oh let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,  
And not spend a minute in trifling or play ;

Remembering these seasons were graciously given

To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,

When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere ;

In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,

And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

Instruct me, my Saviour ; a child though I be,

I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;

Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways ;

I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

**74.**

L. M.

THIS day belongs to God alone,  
This day he chooses for his own ;  
And we must neither work nor play,  
Because it is God's holy day.

'T is well to have one day in seven,  
That we may learn the way to heaven ;  
Then let us spend it as we should,  
In serving God and being good.

We ought today, to learn and seek,  
What we may think of all the week,  
And be the better every day  
For what we hear our teacher say.

And every Sabbath should be passed  
As if we knew it were our last.  
What would the dying sinner give  
To have one Sabbath more to live !

---

**75.**

6, 4.

FOR thee we long and pray,  
Oh ! blessed Sabbath morn ;

And all the week we say,  
Oh! when wilt thou return?  
Come, come to me, day of glad rest,  
Of days the best, sweet Sabbath day.

Thou tellest us how Christ  
Arose, and left the tomb;  
And all the week we say,  
Oh! when will Sabbath come?  
Come, come to me, &c.

Thou tellest us how we  
Like him shall leave the tomb;  
And all the week we say,  
Oh! when will Sabbath come?  
Come, come to me, &c.

Thou tellest of a rest,  
A peaceful, happy home,  
Where we may all be blest;  
Oh! when will Sabbath come?  
Come, come to me, &c.



**76. Attention to God's Word.**

WHEN little Samuel woke  
And heard his Maker's voice,  
At every word he spoke,  
How much did he rejoice.  
Oh, blessed, happy child to find  
The God of heaven so near and kind.

If God would speak to me,  
And say he was my friend,  
How happy should I be ;  
Oh, how would I attend ;  
The smallest sin I then would fear,  
If God Almighty were so near.

And does he never speak ?  
Oh yes ; for in his word  
He bids us come and seek  
The God that Samuel heard.  
In almost every page I see,  
The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I beneath his care  
May safely rest my head ;

I know that God is there,  
To guard my humble bed;  
And every sin I well may fear,  
Since God Almighty is so near.

Like Samuel let me say,  
Whene'er I read his word,  
"Speak, Lord; I would obey  
The voice that I have heard;  
And when I in thy house appear,  
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

---

77.

L. M.

WHEN to the house of God we go  
To hear his word and sing his love,  
We ought to worship him below  
As saints and angels do above.

Our God is present everywhere,  
And watches all our thoughts and ways;  
He marks who humbly join in prayer,  
And who sincerely sing his praise.

The triflers, too, his eye can see,  
Who only seem to take a part ;  
They move the lip and bend the knee,  
But do not seek him with the heart.

Oh, may we never trifle so,  
Nor lose the days our God has given ;  
But learn by Sabbaths here below,  
To spend eternity in heaven.

---

## 78. The Sunday School.

THE Sunday school, that blessed place,  
Oh ! I would rather stay  
Within its walls a child of grace,  
Than spend my hours in play.  
The Sunday school, the Sunday school,  
Oh ! 't is the place I love,  
For there I learn the golden rule,  
Which leads to joys above.

'T is there I learn that Jesus died  
For sinners such as I ;

Oh ! what has all the world beside,  
That I should prize so high ?  
The Sunday school, the Sunday school,  
Oh, 't is the place I love,  
For there I learn the golden rule,  
Which leads to joys above.

Then let our grateful tribute rise,  
And songs of praise be given  
To him who dwells above the skies,  
For such a blessing given.  
The Sunday school, the Sunday school, &c.

**79.****Missionary.**

7s.

MANY little ones there are  
O'er the sea so very far,  
Who 've not heard of God above,  
Nothing know of Jesus' love.

Children who kneel down alone  
To their gods of wood and stone,

Never have been taught to pray,  
“Jesus, take our sins away.”

Yet he left his throne above  
Full of pity and of love,  
And for them as well as me  
Died upon the shameful tree.

How I wish that they could know  
That the Saviour loves them so ;  
That he will their sins forgive,  
Take them with himself to live.

Let us send the Bible there,  
Daily offering up a prayer,  
That forever they may sing  
Praises to our heavenly king.

---

80.

7s.

LITTLE travellers Zionward,  
Each one entering into rest  
In the kingdom of your Lord,  
In the mansions of the blest,

There with welcome, Jesus waits,  
Gives the crowns his followers win ;  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates —  
Let the little travellers in !

Who are these whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reached that heavenly seat,  
They have ever kept in view ?  
“ I, from Greenland's frozen land ; ”  
“ I, from India's sultry plain ; ”  
“ I, from Afric's burning sand ; ”  
“ I, from islands of the main.”

“ All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
Here together met at last,  
At the portal of the sky.”  
Each the welcome “ Come ! ” awaits,  
Conquerors over death and sin ;  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travellers in !

81.

5, 6.

God intrusts to all  
Talents few or many ;  
None so young or small,  
That they have not any.  
Though the great and wise  
Have a greater number ;  
Yet my one I prize,  
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask  
Ere I enter heaven,  
Have I done the task  
Which to me was given ?

Little drops of rain  
Bring the springing flowers ;  
And I may attain  
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,  
Every little measure,  
Helps to spread the light,  
Helps to swell the treasure.

## 82.

CAN I, a little child,  
Do any thing for those,  
Who are by sin defiled,  
To lighten their sad woes ?  
I cannot see a reason why  
I should not, if I really try.

First, then, I would implore  
The Lord to change their heart ;  
Then, from my little store  
I freely will impart,  
That some kind teacher may be given,  
To point out Christ, the way to heaven.

How would such joyful news  
Their inmost souls delight ;  
And who would then refuse  
To give their feeble mite ;  
That every heathen child may know,  
What blessings Jesus can bestow !



83.

6, 5.

LITTLE drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue  
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,

Grow to bless the nations,  
Far in heathen lands.

**84.****Death.**

7s.

I AM young, but I must die ;  
In my grave I soon must lie ;  
Am I ready now to go,  
If the will of God be so ?

Lord, prepare me for my end,  
To my heart thy spirit send ;  
Help me, Jesus, thee to love,  
Take my soul to heaven above.

Then I shall with Jesus be,  
Then I shall my Saviour see ;  
Never more have any pain,  
Never more shall sin again.

85.

Eternity.

C. M.

How long sometimes a day appears,  
And weeks, how long are they !  
Months move as slow as if the years  
Would never pass away !

But months and years are passing by,  
And soon must all be gone ;  
For day by day, as minutes fly,  
Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years, must have an end,  
Eternity has none ;  
'T will always have as long to spend,  
As when it first begun.

Great God ! an infant cannot tell  
How such a thing can be ;  
I only pray that I may dwell  
That long, long time with thee.

86.

C. M.

THOUGH I am young, I have a soul  
The world can never buy ;  
And while eternal ages roll,  
It will not, cannot, die.

For it must soar to worlds on high,  
Where happy spirits dwell ;  
Or, buried with the wicked, lie,  
Deep in the grave of hell.

The soul by numerous sins defiled  
Can never enter heaven,  
Till God and it be reconciled,  
And all its sins forgiven ;

Till it be pure from all its stains,  
In perfect righteousness ;  
Cleansed by the Saviour's dying pains,  
Renewed by sovereign grace.

Pardon it, cleanse it, God of grace,  
And let it holy be ;

Arrayed in thine own holiness,  
And meet to dwell with thee.



# **87. Heaven.**

COME, let us sing of heaven above,  
Our glorious, happy home,  
Where dwells the Saviour whom we love,  
And who has bid us come.  
Oh, that is joyful, joyful, joyful !  
Oh, that is joyful,  
That Jesus bids us come  
To dwell with him above,  
And sing the everlasting song  
Of his redeeming love.

Angels are there around the throne ;  
Sweet notes of praise they sing,  
All glory to our God alone,  
And to our Saviour king.  
Oh ! that is joyful, &c.

And children join the glorious song,  
Who once lived here below ;  
But now amid that sinless throng  
They no more sorrow know.  
Oh ! that is joyful, &c.

'T was Jesus died that we might gain  
This glorious, happy home ;  
For us he suffered grief and pain,  
And therefore bids us come.  
Oh ! that is joyful, &c.

---

## 88.

THERE is a happy band,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day ;  
Oh ! how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour king,  
Loud let his praises ring,  
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away ;

Why will ye doubting stand ?

Why still delay ?

Oh ! we shall happy be,

When, from sin and sorrow free,

Lord, we shall live with thee,

Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land

Beams every eye ;

Kept by a Father's hand,

Love cannot die.

Oh ! then to glory run ;

Be a crown and kingdom won ;

And bright above the sun

We reign for aye.

---

## 89.

Around the throne of God in heaven,

Thousands of children stand ;

Children whose sins are all forgiven,

A holy happy band ;

Singing glory, glory, glory, be to God on  
high.

In flowing robes of spotless white,  
See every one arrayed ;  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that cannot fade,  
Singing glory, &c.

What brought them to that world above ?  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace and joy and love ;—  
How came those children there ?  
Singing glory, &c.

Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin ;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean !  
Singing glory, &c.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name ;  
So now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb,  
Singing glory, &c.



90.

7, 6, double.

I WANT to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand.  
There, right before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'd wake the sweetest music,  
And praise him day and night.

I never should be weary,  
Nor ever shed a tear,  
Nor ever know a sorrow,  
Nor ever feel a fear;  
But blessed, pure, and holy,  
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
And with ten thousand thousands  
Praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,  
But Jesus will forgive,  
For many little children  
Have gone to heaven to live.

Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
And lay me down to die,  
Oh, send a shining angel  
To bear me to the sky !

Oh, there I'll be an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand ;  
And there, before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'll join the heavenly music,  
And praise him day and night.

---

**91.**

7s.

Who are they in heaven that stand  
Clothed in white at God's right hand ?  
In their robes so fair and bright,  
They are shining like the light.

Harp of gold and palms they bear,  
All are good and happy there ;

Much I wonder what their name,  
Who they are, and whence they came.

They who now are praising God,  
Once the path of sorrow trod ;  
Now, by Christ their Saviour led,  
Crowns of joy are on their head.

They shall never weep again,  
Never know a grief or pain ;  
All is bright and shining day ;  
God has wiped their tears away.

May I with them also stand,  
Robed in white, at God's right hand ;  
And with joy forever sing  
Praises to my God and king.

---

92.

L. P. M.

Oh, there are little ones in heaven,  
Children like us, around the throne,  
To whom the King of kings hath given  
A crown of glory like his own.

Jesus, thy grace, so rich, so free,  
Hath suffered them to come to thee !

Oh ! let us think of them to-day,  
Their sweet and everlasting song,  
And hope to sing as loud as they,  
In the same holy heaven, ere long.  
Jesus, may this our portion be !  
Oh ! suffer us to come to thee !

Those happy children in the sky  
Went from this sad and sinful earth ;  
How were their spirits raised so high,  
Above their low estate by birth ?  
They came to Christ, and so will we ;  
Lord, suffer us to come to thee !

So come, with humbleness of mind,  
With simple faith and earnest prayer,  
To seek thy precious cross, and find  
Peace, pardon, joy, salvation there.  
Oh ! set our sinbound spirits free,  
And suffer us to come to thee !

93.

C. M.

“ OH ! what is heaven ? I want to know,  
And what is passing there ?  
Do gentle rivers brightly flow,  
And flowers perfume the air ? ”

Yes, there are flowers that never fade,  
And streams that never dry ;  
And there is known no evening shade,  
To dim the glorious sky.

“ Oh ! what is heaven, I want to know ;  
Are children playing there ?  
And do they thirst and hunger now,  
And feel a parent's care ? ”

No, never do they hunger there,  
Or precious moments waste,  
But beauteous as the angels are,  
With Christ's own image graced.

“ But where is heaven ? — Oh, is it far  
Above the ground I tread ? ”

Or is it fixed in yonder star,  
Whose beams shine mildly red ? ”

No, 't is the Saviour's smiling face  
That makes the heaven above ;  
And, would we reach that happy place,  
We here his name must love.

'T is in his word that we are told  
Of bliss beyond the sky,  
And how to obtain a crown of gold  
All glorious when we die.

“ Dear Jesus, may I now be thine,  
And have my sins forgiven ;  
Among the saints and angels shine  
With thee — for that is heaven.”

---

## 94.

Oh, happy land ! Oh, happy land !  
Where saints and angels dwell ;  
We long to join that glorious band,  
And all their anthems swell.

But every voice in yonder throng  
On earth has breathed a prayer ;  
No lips untaught may join that song,  
Or learn the music there.

Thou heavenly Friend ! Thou heavenly  
Friend !

Oh, hear us when we pray ;  
Now let thy pardoning grace descend,  
And take our sins away.

Be all our fresh, our youthful days,  
To thy blest service given ;  
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise,  
A ransomed band in heaven.



**95. Parting Hymn.**

7s.

Now has come our parting hour ;  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the mercy, love, and power,  
Of our ever present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer,  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !

Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.

And, when all our days are past  
May we find that death is gain ;  
Lord, receive us all at last,  
Ever with thyself to reign !



**96. Morning Hymns.**

7s.

WHEN the morning, fair and bright,  
Comes to cheer me with its light,  
I will wake, and thankfully  
Ask a blessing for the day.

When I do wrong, and know I've been  
Tempted to the path of sin,  
I will kneel, and look to heaven,  
And pray to have that sin forgiven.

When I am happy, good, and glad,  
And nothing comes to make me sad,  
I shall love to thank and bless  
God, for all my happiness.



When I see the setting sun,  
And the starry night comes on,  
Father ! I will pray to be  
Kept and blessed and loved by thee.



97.

4, 6.

THE morning bright  
With rosy light,  
Hath waked me from my sleep.  
Father ! I own  
Thy love alone  
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,  
I humbly pray,  
Be thou my guard and guide ;  
My sins forgive,  
And let me live,  
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

Oh ! make thy rest  
Within my breast ;  
Great Spirit of all grace !

Make me like thee ;  
Then I shall be  
Prepared to see thy face.

---

98.

C. M.

I THANK thee, Lord, for quiet rest,  
And for thy care of me ;  
Oh, let me through this day be blest,  
And kept from harm by thee.

Oh, take my evil heart away,  
And make me clean and good ;  
Lord Jesus, save my soul, I pray,  
And wash me in thy blood.

Oh, let me love thee ; kind thou art,  
To children such as I ;  
Give me a gentle, holy heart ;  
Be thou my Friend on high.

Help me to please my parents dear,  
And do whate'er they tell ;  
Bless all my friends, both far and near,  
And keep them safe and well.

99. Evening Hymns.

8, 7.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;  
 Bless thy little lamb to-night ;  
 In the darkness be thou near me,  
 Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,  
 And I thank thee for thy care ;  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,  
 Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,  
 Bless the friends I love so well ;  
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
 Happy there with thee to dwell.



100.

C. M.

BRIGHT little star on evening's breast,  
 How beams thy golden light ;  
 Fast thou art sinking in the west,  
 Sweet little star, good night !

And I, when I have bent my knee,  
And said my evening prayer,  
To him who made both thee and me,  
Will to my rest repair.

And, thinking on that brighter star  
Which once o'er Bethlehem rose,  
And eastern sages led from far,  
I sink to sweet repose.

And oh ! when I at last shall lie  
In death's cold slumber down,  
May then my spirit shine on high,  
A star in Jesus' crown !



**101.** [TO BE REPEATED.]

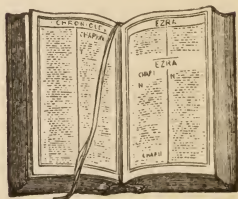
WHO came from heaven to ransom me ?  
Jesus, who died upon the tree.  
Why did he come from heaven above ?  
He came because his name was " Love."  
And did he die — the Son of God ?  
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.

Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed ?  
 That we from evil might be freed.  
 When he had died, what happened then ?  
 On the third day he rose again.  
 Where did he go when he had risen ?  
 He went to God's right hand in heaven.  
 Where is he now ? Is he still there ?  
 Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.  
 What does he pray for, and for whom ?  
 He prays that we to him might come.  
 Should we not come ? Should we not  
     come ?  
 Oh ! yes, Christ is the sinner's home ;  
 Christ is the weary sinner's home —  
 Oh ! let us come ! Oh ! let us come !



PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Glory as of old, to thee,  
Now and evermore shall be !



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